FREE SOCIETY

FORMERLY *THE FIREBRAND.*

An Exponent of Anarchist-Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Liberty, that in the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism Is an Inevitable Consequence.

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From Life.

On the pillow she lies weeping,
With an infant at her breast;
And the lamp glow throws the shadow
Of a wretched workman's nest.
At her side the toiler 's sleeping;
Fearful dreams his brains sway,
And he weirdly keeps repeating,
"No, sir, there's no work today."

EMILE EDELSTADT.

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Politics and Government.

It is, I think, obviously unfair of my editor, to consult me on a question of abstract politics. Politics is a study for specialists, like phyics or philosophy. To the average English citizen politics is a mystery of which he is aware mainly by a rise in the income tax. You have to pay a shilling in the pound, instead of eight pence—which was surely enough. You humbly ask the reason why. "Chamberlain," is the mysterious answer.

"Who is Chamberlain?"

The tax collector laughs, and you go back to your books and your garden, and let the world go by—though letting the world go by doesn't let you off your income tax.

Politics is a system by which you pay heavily for expensive forms of government you don't want and for wars of which you are ashamed, to the honor and glory of a few predatory decorated individuals. It is largely a superstition, like the Church—which the world really in its heart no longer wants, but for which it goes on paying extravagantly all the same. Politicians must live, they say, though, indeed, many of us cannot see the necessity.

Othello's occupation must be kept going at whatever cost to a community that has no use for Othello. So with the legal and military castes. They cost infinitely more than they are worth. They are impudent succubi feeding on the foolishness of human nature. The vast majority of mankind doesn't go to law, and desires above all things to be left in peace; but they must support expensive legal or military machinery all the same. A soldier, as a rule, is a man for whom no useful purpose can be found. And the same applies in a great degree to a politician. A politician is a man who looks after everybody's business but his own, and there is a growing opinion among the wise of the world that we could govern ourselves much better without these busybodies.

But I have sufficiently illustrated my general attitude toward politics, and may now pass to the particular question before me.

Monarchy versus Republic?

Never having been a king, I cannot speak of the advantages of a monarchy, and, though I have lived in a republic for quite a while now, I'm hanged if I see the advantage of a republic. Seriously, the fact is that the terms "monarchy" and "republic" are become obsolete. You can live under one or the other and never notice the difference. Such difference as is perceptible would lead the open-minded observer to say that England was the republic and America the monarchy. Mr. McKinley is more an absolute monarch than King Edward.

It is true that he has his Cardinal Richelieu in Mark Hanna; but then most kings have had their Mark Hannas. Was England any less a monarchy under Cromwell than under Charles, though it was ostentatiously called a commonwealth? In fact, it was rather more so. It was merely a matter of choice of kings, and the people—or the soldiers—preferred Cromwell.

The only practical difference between a "monarchy" and a "republic" is that one is an hereditary monarchy and the other an elective. The people govern as much—or little—in the one case as in the other. The real rulers today are neither kings nor presidents, but capitalists and the police. The German emperor is no exception. His position is less that of emperor than that of generalissimo in a nation devoted to militarism, a sort of glorified superintendent of police.

Free peoples who wish to remain free and not trouble themselves about kings and presidents; they must keep their eyes on the capitalists and the police—and under the term police I include the military, who are only a more conceited and much less useful form of police.

The monarchical and the presidential ideas are essentially one, and they are both equally out of date. But perhaps the monarchical expression of the idea is the least incongruous, because it is frankly little more than a symbol, which is regarded ornamentally, not seriously, whereas the presidential expression is supposed to stand for a governing reality. It seriously implies that the teeming millions of the United States have been carefully sifted and the best man been found to govern them.

Does anyone seriously think that Mr. McKinley is really the strongest and wisest man in the United States? Yet that is the implication of his position. The position of Edward VII carries no such implication. Were he to be one of the greatest rulers that ever lived he would have little opportunity of showing it. He is merely an illustration of humanity's love of symbolism, and we no more expect him to be an Edward the Black Prince than we expect an archbishop to be a saint.

I am inclined to think that a nominal monarchy, such as ours in England, gives a nation a better chance of being a real republic than a nominal republic governed by a virtual monarch. The Transvaal was called a republic, but was any king ever more absolute for good or ill than Mr. Kruger? Denmark is called a monarchy—with, indeed, a beautiful, humane old king—but actually its government is almost pure Socialism.

I repeat that "Monarchy" and "Republic" are words that mean nothing today; but tyrannies are becoming fashionable.—Richard Le Gallienne.

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The Arch Adulterer.

How often when sitting alone, buried in thought, we outlandishly shock that poor, half-starved tyrant "Public Opinion"! How brilliantly cold she smiles upon us, when we meekly bow at her shrine! No matter what our thoughts or actions, as long as they remain secret; but when we question her right to hold each individual down to the same creeds, laws, etc., that have bound our forefathers all through the dark ages, that dear, darling child, poor helpless babe, called "Society," holds up her hands in horror, at the thought of any one daring to defy a law, where we must pay for privileges which are ours by every right of physical and spiritual existence.

How nice it is to have the courage to do, live and say what you think is right. Poor, weak, pitiable fool, how long will you stumble along in the dark, groping in ignorance, sacrificing the good, the noblest and best that is in you, for the sake of being a member of that poor little idiot, "Society"?

Listen, sisters, all who cry for a glimmer of truth. If there is a God—a God who is love and charity, who is the author of all being—who demands two persons to pay a certain sum to the State and to his "noble" disciples, for that which is the right of every man and woman to choose for themselves,—to live together for this holy purpose, to propogate the race—if God does this, he is the biggest hypocrite that ever existed; for he sought Mary, the wife of Joseph, and through her gave birth to flesh and blood he claims as his own.

Mind, he didn't pay the State for the privilege. Now, if God has the right and can produce on the earth a little child through the womb of another man's wife; and that child grows up and is honored for nearly two thousand years by that poor little nurseling, "society," why does it condemn a man and woman, recognizing within themselves a law unto themselves and the right to live together, uniting spirit and body?

Is it not because woman is afraid to take that law which is rightfully hers and make it a law of love—make it as it should be, so that we could have more strength to overcome all weakness and build up around us a world of love? Poor woman, does she not know that it is in her subjective state that she produces

a race of men and women who are cowards, thieves, murderers, and all that is evil? Does she not know that in her lies the redemption of the world? Does she not know that when life enters her womb, that then begins the education of her child?

Yes, she recognizes that, and should go further. She should choose him who is to be the father. She should love him, and he love her in return. They must both be pure; they must both be true; there must be nothing barring the way to perfect perfection in creating.

When we realize and attain the end where no earthly laws hold us, when we are guided alone by a higher law, when we cease to support a government and a Church that teaches us subjection, when we put ourselves beside man, neither below nor above him, when we become a part of himself, then shall we have attained an end where there will be no longing for superiority—no need for laws to hold a husband to our side, because of our helplessness. There will be no need of him sacrificing his happiness because I can't put myself on a self-supporting basis, and instead of having to seek a divorce court to advertise our troubles in, we can give him his freedom and put no stone in his way to that which he thinks is best.

When a woman loves truly, she cannot compel and will not, no matter what the ties may be, unless that love is reciprocated. She only asks that he shall love her, trust her and be true; and then her heaven is of her own making.

Does she not realize that the babe born into this world, with no other ties between its parents than those given them by the Church, gives that child a place above his brother, who was conceived and born in love, who lives in an atmosphere of love that elevates all who come in contact with it, that it brands him as polluted with sin, born in sin and a living monument to the sins of his parents, who have forfeited their right by thinking and acting for themselves, because they know enough to defy a law made by that almighty power, "the majority," and refuse to become as a poor little worm cringing under the foot of a stronger force than itself, because it don't know how to wiggle out of the way?

As long as you think that a few persons are so awfully respectable that they can look down on any one, as long as you recognize the power of Church and State over yourself, just that long will you be a disgrace to the present generation, and to yourself.

Mothers, listen. Do you wish for your children to be all that is good, pure and true? Or do you wish them to go on through life with the yoke of public opinion strangling them?

No—if she saw herself truly, she would never see her children or children's children dragged down to shame and disgrace, by supporting a Church that gives God the right to break the commandment, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," and teach her to scorn a sister, who, loving, becomes to him she loves all and more than honorably wedded wives could in a thousand years. I and every true, honest thinking man and woman will say the only illegitimate child that ever was born—providing we acknowledge the Bible version—is he whom we call Jesus of Nazareth. I think if he is the child of God, born according to scripture, then God ought to be ashamed to conceive in the womb of a virgin, a child, and then get another man to marry her to shield himself. I say down with institutions and governments that support such teachings. For—

> Why should I blush to own I love?
> 'Tis love that rules the realms above.
> Why should I fear to say to all
> That virtue holds my love enthralled?

RUTH E. BUCHANAN.

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Kropotkin in Chicago.

Comrade Kropotkin's visit to America has been a grand success both for himself and the Anarchist propaganda. He was well received everywhere, both as a scientist and Anarchist. The Anarchist propaganda has been given a lively impetus. Interest in Anarchism has been aroused, and the propaganda has been materially benefited, so that it will be possible to accomplish some necessary work in the publication of books of great value to the Anarchist movement.

Comrade Kropotkin's arrival in Chicago was delayed one week owing to an unfortunate illness which he passed through in New York. His reception upon his arrival was enthusiastic and hearty. At Englewood, two railroad stations from Chicago, he was met by three comrades, one reporter and an artist. The newspaper men were kindly invited to call at another time, while he received the comrades. The Anarchist movement and the comrades are always his first consideration.

During his first evening at the Hull House, where he was hospitably entertained during his stay here, he gave an interview to a group of reporters. They asked for his views on many subjects, notably the recent affairs of interest in Russia and Manchuria, Tolstoy, the Philippine question, imperialism, etc. He had occasion to demonstrate his practical ability as a geographer while speaking of Manchuria. He took from his pocket a slip of paper, and while explaining his views made an accurate free-hand sketch of Manchuria, as was shown by a later comparison with a map. The newspaper reports about "Prince" Kropotkin were pretty fair, as compared with their usual misrepresentation of Anarchists, but it is evident that they could not or would not understand his views, and consequently reported them inaccurately.

He also spoke this evening with Comrade Isaak. He talked of the progress of the movement in the various countries of Europe. He was especially delighted to note the great progress of Anarchist ideas among the trades unions. In Spain all the trades unions had embraced the Anarchist doctrine, and also to a great extent in France and Italy. He was much interested in the trades union movement of America, and urged that Anarchists join and agitate more among them. He also made some practical suggestions for the benefit of FREE SOCIETY.

Whether speaking upon Anarchism, science, or general subjects of interest, he always shows a voluble knowledge and broad grasp of affairs.

His first meeting took place on Wednesday, April 17, at the Hull House, before the Arts and Crafts Society. The hall was crowded. "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," was his subject. He showed how work, which should be an artistic expression of the individual, had been made the most grinding drudgery by the wasteful method of the present society. He gave many instances of hardship and long hours of work which had come under his own observation. The teaching of children should be done on practical lines, instead of cramming with text-books simply. Aptness and desirability should be the guide in the selection of work, and then all labor would be a joy and pleasure. All the disagreeable work could be done almost entirely by machinery, as the development of science had made it unnecessary for man to drudge.

April 18, Kropotkin delivered a lecture before the aristocratic Twentieth Century Club. He spoke of the development of cities from the middle ages to the present time.

Friday he appeared before the High School Teachers' Club. Here he spoke on "The Law of Mutual Aid and the Struggle for Existence." Mutual aid, he said, was a fact all through animal creation. Those animals which are fierce and unsocial are rapidly tending to extinction, while the peaceable animals practicing "mutual aid" are numerous. The theory of the survival of the fittest, generally understood to be "the strongest and most fierce animals prevailing," was not a fact in nature, neither was it Darwinism. He cited numerous instances in the animal world where mutual aid was practised, and declared that these animals have the best chance of survival. Deers and ducks, social animals, are much more numerous than lions and hawks. Ants are one of the most numerous insects, and their social tendencies are marvelously developed. "It is plain that this interpretation," says the Chicago *Tribune*, "which Prince Kropotkin appears to have been the first to set forth and elaborate, must, so far as accepted, have a direct influence upon the philosophy of human society."

On Saturday, accompanied by some comrades, Kropotkin visited the graves of our martyrs in Waldheim. He had a number of flowers placed around the monument. In the evening he was the guest of a students' and professors' club, where he had been invited to explain his views upon "science and the social question." Here he started a movement among the professors and students to protest against the treatment accorded Russian students by the czar.

Sunday, April 21, the Anarchist meeting in Central Music Hall took place. This meeting has been already reported.

Monday and Tuesday were occupied by visits to universities at Champaign, Ill., and Madison, Wis.

Wednesday, April 24, the Industrial Art League tendered a reception to "Prince" Peter Kropotkin. This was at first intended for a social among the comrades, but it

turned out otherwise. A great number of people went there to stare at a real live prince; most of the comrades were disappointed and disgusted—with the "reception," not with Kropotkin. He said that the recollection of the great meetings held in Boston, New York, and Chicago, would be one of the most pleasant recollections of his life. He did not expect that a few meetings would convert a great number of people to Anarchism; but still he hoped that the land of Walt Whitman, of Emerson, of Thoreau, would take a leading part in the Socialist and Anarchist movement.

It is noticeable that the newspaper reports of the meetings are mainly written to satisfy the sensational reader. His main arguments are unreported, while casual references, such as the mention of Carnegie or Roosevelt, which had little to do with the main purpose of his lectures, are readily reported.

Kropotkin's visit to America has brought to him the honor and esteem of all intelligent people, and the love and friendship of all comrades. If men are great, Kropotkin is one of their number. Through all his varied experience he has retained a natural simplicity and sweet temper. That he will again come to America, and tour the whole country to spread the doctrine of emancipation, is my great wish. I am not by nature very hopeful or optimistic, but I am sure that Kropotkin is capable of building a strong and lasting movement in this country. Great results follow great men.

ABE ISAAK JR.

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Concerning Free Speech.

During the past week events have occurred in the world of labor which are worthy of more than a passing glance. Locally the chief event of interest has been the triumph of free speech over the efforts of the police department to suppress it. The meeting held last Sunday night, under the auspices of the several organizations of laboring people and free thinkers, at Industrial Hall, was evidence sufficient to the police that their moves were unpopular with the people. Over two thousand people attended that meeting. By far the great majority of them did not favor Anarchy, or sympathize with the doctrines of Emma Goldman, but they were protesting against the suppression of one of the greatest privileges of free America, free speech. It was a representative audience, too. Staid solid business men did not hesitate to mingle with workers, and those who have ideas of their own they wish to exploit.

Then, again, the meeting at Bricklayers' Hall on Wednesday night, held by the United Labor League, once more demonstrated that free speech is not to be denied the people of this city. The hall was crowded, and hundreds were turned away by the watchers at the door. And despite the fact that the speakers were Anarchists, the meeting was most orderly in character. I may say, too, that there are several more Anarchists in Philadelphia today than there were before that meeting, as several people have informed me that they were converted to the ideal doctrines expounded by Miss De Cleyre on that evening.

And if Miss De Cleyre's lecture on "Anarchy" gave the correct definition of that much maligned and misunderstood subject, Anarchy is not such a dreadful thing after all. According to this authority, Anarchism is not "an economic system; it does not come to you with detailed plans of how you, the workers, are to conduct industry; nor systematized methods of exchange; nor careful paper organizations of 'the administration of things.' It simply calls upon the spirit of individuality to rise up from its abasement, and hold itself paramount in no matter what economic reorganization shall come about." Then, further on, she says that there are several classes of Anarchists, which she names as Anarchists Individualists, Anarchists Mutualists, Anarchists Communists, and Anarchists Socialists. Each of these groups, or divisions, is working out the problem in its own way, but all are Anarchists. I said that there are now more Anarchists in Philadelphia than before. I would qualify that by saying that they are in the last of the classes named, Anarchists Socialists. Because, as Miss De Cleyre explained in her beautifully worded lecture, this latter class of Anarchists is so closely allied to the present Socialist political party that men who believe in Socialism but are not willing to see it become a political system, as such systems are popularly understood at the present time, may through the acceptance of the Anarchists Socialists' doctrine still pursue the course of their convictions, and keep out of "dirty politics."

But enough for Anarchy. I am not an Anarchist, but I believe in the right of free speech. Miss De Cleyre's lecture was a beautiful word picture, an excellent argument. And it served its purpose—to test the police orders for the suppression of Anarchistic utterances, scoring a victory for labor. —Labor Department, Philadelphia *Times*.

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The recent unsuccessful attempt of the Philadelphia police to prevent free speech furnished a number of instructive lessons for future consideration. First of these was the cowardice of the Socialists. When the police forbade owners of halls to rent them to any society which would invite Emma Goldman to speak, the question of inviting her was brought up before the Socialists, who own their hall. After a protracted discussion of several hours these brave "class conscious revolutionary proletarians and enemies of capitalistic government" (as they delight in styling themselves), resolved that they would invite Miss Goldman to speak if the police would give her a permit.

A number of leading Socialists, among others Mahlon Barnes and Fred Long, were invited to speak at the protest meeting held Sunday evening (April 14) to uphold free speech. But they all had some excuse. One lonesome Socialist accepted, and he informed the commitee that he came as an individual, not as a member of the Socialistic organization. It was reported that orders had been issued from New York headquarters that the Solialists were to take no part in the contest for free speech, and they certainly did not. The reason can only be conjectured, but to say the least their conduct was not creditable to reformers.—*Justice*, Wilmington, Del.

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An Appeal.

The mother of August Spies, who is 70 years of age, and was robbed of her support through the martyrdom of her son, is in great distress. The Central Labor Union of Chicago has undertaken to collect a fund for her support. If each one sends a small sum, quite a fund could be raised. Send money to the treasurer, Chas. Goldammer, 948 N. Albany Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Literature.

Marriage By Juliet H. Severance, M. D. M. Harman, 500 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents.

This lecture, originally delivered before the International Congress of Freethinkers in Chicago, 1893, is a protest against the marriage slavery, and the subordinate position which woman legally occupies therein.

Dawn-Thought. By J. Wm. Lloyd. Maugus Press, Wellesley Hills, Mass. 197 pp. Price, *edition de luxe*, $1.25, plain, $1, paper 50 cents.

A volume of Pantheistic impressions and glimpses of larger religion—that is what Lloyd says it is. It should rather have been called a volume of metaphysical speculation. The Dawn-Thought, his great "discovery," or "revelation," is lucid on occasion, as when he reiterates the well known idea that "the chain of causation and relation is nowhere broken, nor can be." It also has some good ideas on the question of sex; otherwise the book is filled with valueless speculation. Speculation—that sums up the whole volume. No attempt is made to prove his many surmises, in either logic or fact. In this "larger" religion we find such small ideas as this:

> Either a man dies and knows no more, or he goes away at death to some foreign coast, with no more interest or concern in the things of here. Then why not let him make life tolerable for himself while it lasts, with not too much scruple about others, and none at all about posterity, and let that suffice?

But if he does come back, there is an incentive to do something "good," and since man does do good, why, that proves that he (or rather his "soul") will come back. That is a desperate plea for reincarnation, certainly. But it would tend to show an exceedingly small motive for anything which Lloyd does—but stay! did I say Lloyd? That must have been a mistake—perhaps I should have said Jesus reincarnated. But seriously, if I should write such a poor, mystifying book I wouldn't try to shove the blame on something or somebody else. The printer of the book, however, deserves all due praise, for it is neatly and artistitically printed.

ABE ISAAK JR.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Business Without Money," by W. H. Van Ornum.

"Edward Carpenter: Poet and Prophet," by Ernest Crosby.

"Methodism," by M. Grier Kidder.

"Die Gottespest," by John Most.

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ANARCHY.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

When ignorance reigns in society, and disorder in the minds of men, laws are multiplied, legislation is expected to do everything, and each fresh law being a fresh miscalculation, men are continually led to demand from it what can proceed only from themselves, from their own education and their own morality.—Dalloy.

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Notes.

This week we send a number of sample copies to various addresses. Are you one of these? If so, you are asked to examine carefully the articles in these numbers of FREE SOCIETY. The name Anarchy will no doubt be familiar to you, but the ideas therein may surprise you. The causes are not hard to find. All progressive ideas are at first misrepresented and abused, and for a time the conservative element succeeds in perverting the meaning of any term conveying the idea of a new social philosophy. This is especially true of Anarchism. Untiring and continuous propaganda finally brings before the people the clear truth. This is the mission of the Anarchist. He has new ideas, and adopts different ways to bring them to your attention. He has no faith in the efficacy of political agitation, in which the corrupting influence of partisan prejudice holds the minds of men. Our method is educational. We ask you only for your attention. Subscribe for FREE SOCIETY for one year. We may not convert you, but you will modify some of your ideas concerning Anarchism. You have been mistaught by our enemies as to our aim; let us teach you the real meaning of Anarchy. Besides our papers, we have some excellent literature explaining our ideas. Those mentioned below are some. "Moribund Society and Anarchy," by Jean Grave, price 25 cents, and "Anarchy," by Enrico Malatesta, price 10 cents, are excellent for this purpose. Obtainable at this office.

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Comrade Kropotkin's tour in America has aroused a great deal of interest in our ideas, and this is an excellent time to engage actively in propaganda. In order to facilitate this work, we make a special offer of the following five pamphlets by Peter Kropotkin. They are five cents each, but all of them will be sent for 15 cents. Order a bundle and hand them to your friends.

1. "An Appeal to the Young."
2. "Law and Authority."
3. "Anarchist Morality."
4. "Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal."
5. "The Wage System," and "Revolutionary Government."

No man is better qualified to explain the philosophy of Anarchism than Kropotkin. Make no delay in taking advantage of this opportunity. Every man can do a little, and in the aggregate a vast amount of work can be accomplished.

* * *

Comrade Emma Goldman will be in Chicago in about two weeks, and meetings are being arranged for her here in German and English. This is an opportune time for the most strenuous efforts at propaganda, and no effort should be spared to utilize to the utmost the aroused interest in Anarchism. Strike while the iron is hot! Comrade Goldman is a propagandist of undoubted ability, and her tour following close upon Kropotkin's is well timed. The Free Society Club is making the arrangements for the English meetings, and all who are interested should call at the meeting on Wednesday. Especially those affiliated with the unions are urged to be on hand, so as to make efforts in calling the attention of the workers to her presence here.

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Note and Comment.

Gaetano Bresci, the avenger of the people, who made one protest against the tyranny of man over man, which resounded around the world, has been driven mad. In but a short time a vigorous and healthy young man with a strong constitution, has been reduced to a physical and mental wreck. He has been removed to an asylum for the "criminal insane." It is unknown what horrible tortures he may have endured during this time, and with his mental death his lips are sealed. This wreck that was once a man will now probably be subjected to tortures which he is unable to comprehend. It shows us how far more terribly cruel are the rulers of men than the people. Bresci's vengeance was swift and complete, while he himself in turn suffered a long and slow torture. Will those "peace-loving" Anarchists who condemned Bresci for violence have the courage to come out and condemn the government for violence, torture, and who knows what else? A letter written by Bresci to his wife, dated February 23, shows that no word which would tell of his actual experience was allowed to escape him.

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The battle with the authorities in Philadelphia, which was started through their attempt to stop Comrade Goldman from speaking, has resulted in a complete victory for free speech and Emma Goldman. The authorities did not prevent her from speaking; and much indignation was aroused. That the cause of Anarchism was unwittingly promoted by the stupid authorities, will be seen from an article in another column. The Socialists showed the white feather, while the Single Taxers and trade unions took up the battle for free speech with a will. See the article "Concerning Free Speech."

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Comrade Kropotkin's visit to America has brought to light several straws which show the way the wind is blowing. He wrote an article dealing with the student crisis in Russia, and offered it to the daily press of New York, but the memory of the loss of iron trade with Russia was too vivid to permit these representatives of "public sentiment" to offend the Russian bear. For a few paltry dollars the man of business is willing to cater to the tyranny of the Russian government! The article was finally accepted by the *Outlook*, whose editor is an intelligent young man. Some of Kropotkin's views were then reproduced as alleged "interview" what they had not the courage to print otherwise.

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Another straw was furnished by the Chicago University. Kropotkin had been invited as a guest by Professor Harper. The Russian consul learned through the papers that Kropotkin was to be "honored" by the "best" society in Chicago; and this was a rather unpleasant pill for him. He therefore called upon President Harper, and reminded him of the fact that he had been accorded the privilege of paying homage to the czar during his recent tour in Russia, and that by entertaining Kropotkin he was fostering a thorn in the czar's side. Thereupon the invitation was withdrawn. Think of it, ye American freemen! The despot of the Russias influencing an American professor! This was denied as a matter of policy, but the fact remains.

* * *

We have received a letter of inquiry from a faithful British subject, desiring to know something about Anarchism. He intimates that his failure to understand Anarchism is owing to the ignorance of its apostles, who are unable to explain it, while his own crass ignorance of the subject shows that he has not investigated in the least. How are we going to protect ourselves from thieves? Or how could we build a water supply? A very little study would have shown our correspondent that there would be no necessity for stealing in a society where natural resources are not monopolized, and opportunities for production unlimited. We are not deciding engineering problems for the future; they will know that much better than we at present. As to shirkers, they are the product of the present society, where work is made a degrading drudgery, instead of a natural joy, as it should be. Our correspondent closes by intimating Anarchists, "who contribute more than any other class towards the number of murders" of despots and tyrants, or "representatives of the people," are not the proper persons to object to government of man by man. We advise our correspondents to learn something on this subject first, and then teach. In looking for the facts, he should not fail to count the number of murders being committed in South Africa in the name of his own "representative," King Edward VII.

A. I. JR.

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Certain Comments.

The asinine Grundyism of the age continues to vent itfelf in endeavors to emasculate art and literature. A set of vulgar prudes in Findlay, Ohio, has committed the idiotic act of putting red knickerbockers on a statue of Apollo Belvidere. The "Index Expurgatorius" of the Boston Public Library is equally silly and disgraceful, and much more hurtful. The public has appar-

ently no rights that the self-appointed censors are bound to respect. This is a great land of liberty, where a vile Comstockism forbids us even to read the works of many of our greatest writers.

* * *

The infamous treason by which Aguinaldo was captured is being outdone by the use which the brigands who hold him seek to make of him. As I predicted, every effort is being put forth to use him as a catspaw to discourage the Filipinos from continuing to struggle for liberty. To accomplish this nefarious end, they are already resorting to threats. "Additional pressure" is to be applied. Says the news report:

If Aguinaldo refuses to aid this government in effecting a surrender of the Filipinos in arms, the authorities say, he can be tried for violation of the laws of war, and severely punished. *General MacArthur has doubtless impressed upon Aguinaldo the delicate position he occupies.*

The damnable villainy of this business would render its performance impossible by any less desperate scoundrels than the emperor and his gang of cutthroats. It is a marvel that even the degenerate Americans of today should tolerate it for a moment. In plain English Aguinaldo is told that he must betray his countrymen, or be butchered or tortured to death by long imprisonment, by the farcical laws of the empire. Such is the penalty for resisting the imperial hordes in the name of liberty.

* * *

The emperor declined to traverse the continent in a palace car which bore the name "Imperial." He is satisfied to possess the reality, but fears to use the word. It is a species of hypocrisy, which seems to work admirably, in gulling the mass of the people.

* * *

The ingenious police spies continue to invent Anarchist plots against the rulers of various countries. A guilty conscience is a remarkable spur to the imagination.

* * *

The Catholics of the country protest against discrimination against their schools, in behalf of State institutions. While many of the complaints are well-founded, they come with a very poor grace from a Church which is eternally trying to get government favors at the expense of the whole people. Let the Catholics deal fairly themselves, if they would invoke a widespread sympathy in the attempt to secure fair dealing for themselves. * * *

The Allied Thugs of the world are endeavoring to make China pay an enormous sum for the privilege of being invaded and ravaged. If they do not tear each other to pieces in quarreling over the spoils, they will not cease, without wresting every semblance of national independence from China.

* * *

The *Orthonomic Era* is well-intentioned, but it might easily become better posted. It classes Kropotkin as a Socialist, failing to understand that he entirely repudiates the political and authoritarian Socialism of today. He is an Anarchist, and stands unswervingly by the highest ideals of human liberty. * * *

How near Cuba is to actual independence, may be seen from the following news item:

Havana, April 6.—The *Discusion* was suppressed for a time today by order of Governor General Wood and its offices were closed and sealed. This action was due to the publication in the *Discusion* yesterday of an illustration having the title of "The Cuban Calvary," representing the Cuban public personified in a Cuban soldier being crucified between two thieves, General Wood being represented as one thief and President McKinley as the other, being labeled with their names. Senator Platt was represented as a Roman soldier giving vinegar and gall in the form of the Platt amendment, with public opinion as Mary Magdalen, weeping at the foot of the cross. Below was the following inscription: "Destiny will not reserve for us a glorious resurrection."

The picture caused much unfavorable comment yesterday from the standpoint of decency. The editor of the paper, Senor Corando, was arrested, but was released on bail.

Senor Capote, president of the Cuban Constitutional Convention, visited General Wood and told the latter that the convention, individually and as a body, regretted the publication of the caricature. Senor Capote said the picture misrepresented the feelings of the Cubans, who held General Wood and President McKinley in the greatest respect and were deeply grateful to them. On his solicitation General Wood allowed the *Discusion* to continue publication, but the judges of the Correctional Court will prefer charges.

Editor Corando and Castellanos, the cartoonist, will be tried for criminal libel. The former is held under $1,000 bonds and the latter in the sum of $500.

Comment is hardly needed on this characteristic act of tyranny. It shows how rigidly free speech is suppressed by American authorities in territory which is nominally outside of American jurisdiction. The trouble with the cartoon was that it represented the exact truth. No wonder it offended the emperor's minions in Cuba.

* * *

I have much respect for the sincerity of T. B. Wakeman; but I regret exceedingly that he should insult those who do believe in free love by treating such belief as a henious offense. If he had been untruly quoted as having believed in free trade, free silver, or free land, he would have been content to correct the error, but without the slightest show of resentment. Had Mr. Hosmer's circulation of an old letter tended to convey a wrong impression on one of these points, he would not have shrieked: "This letter has been circulated to injure me, upon a plain misunderstanding of it." In the name of Liberalism, why should a man be discredited for believing in free love, any more than in free silver? Stand by your own convictions, Mr. Wakeman; but do not slur those whose radicalism goes beyond yours.

* * *

In the death of Susan A. Patton, the Anarchist movement loses an ardent and earnest worker. She was as true as steel herself, and while thoroughly tolerant of different opinions, a merciless enemy of dishonesty and hypocrisy. How her eyes flashed, at the tale of wrong or injustice, while strong words of truth poured fourth from her lips! She was a born fighter; and, but but for ill health, there would have been few to match her in the work. It is such noble natures which give inspiration to our movement. Her influence will last, and remain a power among all who knew her. I mourn her as a friend and comrade, whose zeal and fidelity to the cause put to shame many of larger pretensions. JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

—o—

The Movement in Favor of Ignorance.

Comrade C. L. James has had much to say of late about the Movement in Favor of Ignorance. He claims to be the sole discoverer and interpreter of said movement. He shows it to be a menace to progress, an enemy of Anarchism, and a thing much to be dreaded; and so insiduous that even Anarchists, Secularists, Spiritualists, and renowned scientists are unwittingly drawn into it, and used as boosters for it.

As to the existence of such a movement there is little ground for doubt, and the comrade was the first one to call it by that name, so far as I know. That many of us knew of such a movement, pointed out its workings, and called it an ally of popery, our writings will attest, and that long before Comrade James named the movement, or published anything concerning it that came under our observation.

Now, however, as no one has disputed the comrade's claims concerning his discovery and exposure of the movement, he has taken to wielding that scarecrow name as a heavy club against all who advocate theories with which he does not agree. Just where he will draw the line is not yet determined. There are some, however, having well founded theories, and ideas and suspicions, who cannot be scared away from them by anything short of proof to the contrary.

Many of the readers of FREE SOCIETY will remember the name of John Pawson, one of the early writers for THE FIREBRAND. This poor young man not only traced a distinct movement in favor of ignorance back a few decades in the United States, but found evidence of its definite existence, guided by the privileged class, in all history back to the time of the building of the Pyramids.

Beginning then at that remote period, he traced the evidence of it through such history as we have down to the present day. On that theory he accounted for the change of position on vital questions of such men of renown as Herbert Spencer, and many other things that have always puzzled our reform writers.

He did not mention his "discovery," as he termed it, in any paper, as he wished to be able to bring out a treatise containing exhaustive historic evidence, before announcing his "discovery" otherwise.

He always contended that to announce his discovery would endanger his life, and so he wanted to spread it as wide as possible, as quickly as possible, so that his taking off would not blot out the theory. Nothing has been heard of him since he left Portland.

Comrade Doering has pointed out how the postoffice system is used in favor of ignorance, and I have shown how the public schools are managed to maintain false ideas, and ignorance of some very important things.

In view of these facts, and many others, I think it would be more nearly correct to recognize Comrade James as the namer of the Movement in Favor of Ignorance, and I for one accord him credit for coining so apt and descriptive a name. I cannot, however, agree with him in stigmatising anti-vacination, anti-allopathy, etc., as parts of that dread movement, or in any way contributing to it.

Anti-allopathy has driven the "regular" physicians away from leeches, bleeding, calomel, blue mass and horse killing doses of quinine, jalup and rheubarb root, forced them to a closer study of cause and effect, and brought many of them around to an advocacy of removing the cause of disease instead of treating the effects.

Hail the antis! It is they who force proof of pretensious or expose the frauds who cannot produce the proof. We owe much to the one who doubts, and expresses the doubt. If you are an anti stand by your contention until the thing proves its pretentions, or your theories are refuted. HENRY ADDIS.

History of the French Revolution.

III

The king's eldest son had died December 20, 1765. The queen followed within three years. The Vitellius of France was thus left without a relative whose popularity could give him any. His daughters, indeed, were virtuous, pious, and affectionate. They had influence with him during certain hypochrondriacal fits which he took for penitence. But they were old maids, too retiring, silent, and nun-like, to be general favorites. They stooped to appear with Madame du Barry at an exclusively family party, when in 1770, the new dauphin, a lubberly boy of sixteen, espoused that volatile child-princess, Marie Antoinette, daughter of the great Maria Theresa. For a bad omen, those illuminations which followed ended in a fearful conflagration, during which hundreds of people perished. Under Du Barry, the rulers of France were the detested D'Aguillon and Chancellor Maupeon, who managed the suppression of the parliaments. Not a ray of glory adorns their administration. The last conquest (Corsica) had been made by Choiseul.

On Ash-Wednesday, 1776, the bishop of Senez preached before the court from this appropriate text: "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed." Within the time indicated, Louis XV lay ill. His last victim, a peasant child, brought him the small-pox, which quickly assumed its fatal confluent form. He had long suffered from another disease, contracted in the same way. On the approach of death, his piety returned. His faithful daughters shut themselves up with him, amidst stench and poison. Du Barry went off in the chariot of her falling ally D'Aiguillon. The night of May 10 came on amidst a terrific thunderstorm. The dauphin and dauphine, their brothers and sisters, awed by Death's presence, assembled in a chapel to recite before their wafer-Christ, the prayers of the Forty Hours. In a distant room lay the dying king, a mass of putresence. As the clock struck twelve, his hired nurse abandoned her post, and extinguished that taper which she kept burning for a signal. The new sovereigns were now in another apartment. The rushing feet of many courtiers brought them news. They fell on their knees, and Louis XVI exclaimed, "Oh God! guide us, protect us! We are too young to govern." Three carriages were ready to convey the royal family away. The king and queen, the king's brothers and their wives, rode in the first. Within a few minutes they had recovered their spirits. In the second carriage were Louis' sisters, in the third, those only mourners, his unselfish aunts. These devoted women soon fell sick with the small-pox, but in their cases it proved mild. As to the forsaken monarch, he did not actually breathe his last till three in the afternoon. At night, his remains were hurried with little ceremony to St. Denis. The old regime was virtually buried with them. The Revolution had already gone much too far to be averted; but all its horrors might have been spared had pilotage fallen into better hands.

The new king's first act was to appoint another ministry. The financial department was entrusted to Turgot, at this time perhaps the most renowned among the so-called Economists (Physiocrats); who had also proved himself a practical man of business while administering government at Limoges. There was work enough for him to do. Louis XV had been expected to leave a treasure, though it is not easy to imagine why. He actually left a debt of $800,000,000. The revenue by no means sufficed to pay interest and current expenses. The deficits, so far, had been met by new loans; but this desperate resource was at an end. Turgot's program, as he privately unfolded it before Louis, was to gradually establish local legislatures, democratic in coustitution, which would help the crown to abolish the nobles' privileges and make them take their share of public burdens. But his hands were tied. The premier, Maurepas, whom Pompadour had driven from office thirty years before, restored the antiquated parliament, a strictly aristocratic body, which would hear of no such thing. Turgot took restraint off the internal trade in grain, reduced the octroi, and authorized importation of provisions. A marked revival of prosperity gave hopes for good results. Agriculture entered on a career of steady improvement. But reforms are not effected without resistance from vested interests. There were riots in those very agricultural districts especially benefited, because "protection" had been impugned. Turgot made more enemies by putting these tumults down with vigor. It was understood he meditated abolishing the other trade monopolies, and this of course excited a fresh storm. He had quarreled with Maurepas. The nobles and clergy learned that he meditated taxing them. Louis went so far as to force registration of the new edicts in a "bed of justice." But just at this crisis it appeared that Marie Antoinette had given Turgot's enemies her fatally decisive influence. She was determined to save one whom he was determined to prosecute; so, after having considerably reduced the deficit and improved public credit, he received his dismissal, May, 1776. Thus France escaped the cursed blessing of an Antonine period—which always ends with Commodus. Such, too, was the first handful of sticks the Austrian Myrrha threw upon that pyre she was building for her Sardanapalus and herself. Hitherto, she had probably been rather popular. Her frank gayety produced an agreeable relaxation in the irksome pomp of Versailles. She called the horrible old king papa, and to his daughter's consternation, scolded him. On accession, she and her husband declined the usual presents, and gave alms liberally to the poor. But Marie Antoinette had a positive genius for making enemies. Even before papa's death, his second heir (Louis XVIII) was suspected of lampooning her in print. The posthumous papers of Louis XV proved that she was slandered by this princeling to the king. By refusing to know a lady who had shelved her husband, the dauphine set against her all those whose study was how brazen one could be at Versailles. Yet within a few years her mentor, the Austrian ambassador, De Mercy d'Argenteau, told her plump that a shady reputation appeared a passport to her regard. The root of this evil was nothing but frivolity. Her mother, through the ambassador, reproved her for not conforming her ways to her husband's. She replied by giving a ludicrous description of those habits she was expected to adopt. The dauphin at first used to hunt all day, then gorge and sleep like an anaconda. As he grew older, he neglected the chase. He ate and slept better than ever, but gave his waking hours to sedentary pursuits. He liked such simple branches of science as geography; but his particular hobby was locksmithing. "What sort of a figure should I make by a forge?" wrote Marie Antoinette to her mother. "I couldn't be Vulcan; and the part of Venus might not suit him as well as my own tastes, to which he does not much object." She tried, indeed, to have him share her frolics; but, finding this impossible, lived apart from him as much as was compatible with entire agreement. The clock was set on to shorten his day and lengthen her night. She did not hunt, cared nothing for the globes or iron mongery; but, while he retired at eleven and rose at seven, she would dance till ten in the morning. She had a few intimate female friends. The first, and best, was the Princesse de Lamballe, the beautiful, virtuous, and childless widow of Louis the Fourteenth's great grandson—through illegitimate posterity. She became superseded to an extent which grieved her faithful heart by Madame de Polignac, a lady whose character there would be no more use in blackening than in protesting with effusion that a Negro is not white. Unlike the sensitive, self-respecting Lamballe, this favorite was an adept in the art of wheedling. She was ostentatiously unwilling to take or spend anything. So her husband received a place worth 80,000 livres a year, with apartments in four towns; while she was made a duchess, royal governess, dispenser of batons, embassies, and small offices. When the queen entered these ladies' salons, they became hers. Both were centers of gambling, a practice forbidden by law, and disapproved by the king. The *habitues* were described by De Mercy as the most foolish and reckless of Parisian youth. The queen won six or seven thousand louis d'or, and lost 14,000 in one year. Pockets were picked at her table. The Baron de Besenvel and the Duc de Lauzun, conspicuous among her set, both lived to boast of being her conquerors. But it is rather probable they lied. However, the gross carcase of Madame du Barry was hardly more expensive than Marie Antoinette's love of fun. Louis XVI gave Marie the charming little park of Trianon, within an easy walk of Versailles. Here rose her pavilion (never occupied at night), her theatre, her village. The latter contained a dairy where butter was churned with ivory dashers, a laundry where clothes were beaten with ebony clubs, a mill to which the king bore grist upon his royal shoulders. These toys, constructed for her whim, amidst a beautiful garden, not of the Old Regime, but of the rustic English type, were building for twelve years. Her growing unpopularity was aggravated by aversion to her country. Some money which France had found for Joseph II, next caused his sister to be called Madame Deficit.

After a brief interval Turgot's portfolio was given to M. Necker, a Protestant banker, born at Geneva, who had been very

successful in his own business. He refused all profit from his office, abolished over six hundred sinecures or superfluous places, and succeeded in negotiating many loans. But fate was against him. The outbreak of the American Revolution had discovered a most alarming sentiment in France. Louis was by no means sorry to see England embarrassed; but that instinct of self-preservation which makes the dullest see farther than the wisest whom it does not touch, forbade his encouraging democratic rebellion. Marie Antoinette was much more vehement in the royal cause. This did not prevent French nobles from expressing sympathy, sending money, or even going out to fight for the Americans. The best known of these volunteers has received so much admiration that it requires some courage to speak of him as he deserves. Lafayette, at that time a lanky, red-haired stripling, was always a sincere, an ardent, and a somewhat thoroughgoing lover of liberty. He never valued popularity in America sufficiently to suppress his abhorrence of Negro slavery. But with this his praise must end. He was too young for his American exploits to be important on any but moral grounds. As a soldier, he amounted to nothing. As a statesman he never failed to exhibit a capacity in blundering so extreme that it would have been harmless, but for his early reputation. While he was fighting with the young republic, Franklin, the aged philosopher, discoverer, and patriot, was receiving idolatrous honors from the aristocracy of Paris. A lady, selected as the most beautiful among three hundred, crowned him with laurel, and kissed him on both cheeks. His republican simplicity excited curiosity and admiration no less in the street than in the *salons*. His bust was seen everywhere, with Turgot's inscription, *Eripuit coelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis*. On mere financial grounds, Necker, as well as the king, was opposed to war. Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI felt a deeper wound. But they dared not resist. Thus it became evident that they had no real force of will. "M. Turgot and I are the only two men in France who care for the people," Louis had said when he dismissed Turgot. "You will remember, sir, this is against my judgment," was his nerveless protest to Maurepas when he signed the treaty with the United States (Februry 5, 1778). That utter dismay with which he and the queen regarded the republican demonstrations, was shared in some degree by other sovereigns, who, however, generally took the same side. Joseph II was in Paris about the critical time. A lady asked him what he thought of the day's topic. "You must excuse my answering, Madame," he replied. "It is my trade to be a royalist."

Just at this juncture, Voltaire, the great iconoclast, who had long been an exile, ventured to revisit Paris. The court refused to receive him. But all classes of the people thronged to that theater where his last drama, "Irene," was produced. A very low caste woman pointed him out to another as "the saviour of Calas." When he entered the building every spectator rose. Plaudits shook galleries, roof and walls. On his departure, beautiful women and men of the highest rank carried him in their arms. His "ravenous vanity" was fairly cloyed. Tears ran down his withered cheeks. His skeleton frame shook like an aspen leaf. "You smother me with roses," he murmured. "You will kill me with joy." It was indeed the end. Soon after, this man of eighty-four was attacked with hemorrhage of the stomach. The hierarchy had power to insult his remains like those of Adrienne Lecouvreur. His nephew, a clergyman, was desirous he should conform. A stupid priest, introduced to absolve him, was not satisfied with his admissions, and demanded faith in the divinity of Jesus. Voltaire pushed him away, saying, "Let me hear no more of that man. Let me die in peace." The archbishop of Paris refused the infidel "Christian burial." But it had been performed by his nephew before the order was issued. The ghouls caught a glimpse of the Red Spectre. They hesitated to violate Voltaire's tomb. But newspapers were forbidden to mention the death of the greatest French writer. Within five weeks Rousseau had also passed away.

The war, of course, added enormously to public burdens. National bankruptcy again impended. It meant ruin to the pensioners, to widows and orphans. Necker, in despair, proved green enough to think the nobles would accept taxation if they knew the necessity. In 1781 he published his "Compte Rendu au Roi,"—which should have been called an account rendered the nation. This balance-sheet, by no means explicit, but the first issued for many a long year, showed that interest on the debt absorbed a third of the revenue; that the remainder did not nearly pay expenses; that the deficit necessarily increased very fast; that, without a broader basis for taxation, collapse was absolutely inevitable. He recommended provincial parliaments, a third of whose members were, it is understood, to be made by popular election. As with most palliative measures, the failure was complete. The people indeed were profoundly interested in the disclosure, and delighted with a prospect of reform. But frivolous nobles were furious at the encroachment on their privileges, and ambitious nobles little disposed to advance a scheme which would increase Necker's influence at the expense of theirs. Necker crowned his irresolution by trying to make out in face of his own figures that he had somehow overcome the deficit, gained 10,000,000 francs upon the debt, and only needed support! Maurepas now refused him a seat in the Council of State, on the ostensible but very provoking ground that he was a heretic. Necker accordingly resigned, May 19–25. Maurepas died a few months later. After the almost forgotten Fleury and D'Ormesson had successively tried to fill Necker's place, it was given Calonne, October, 1783. This gentleman's agreeable and diplomatic manners assisted him to raise a good deal of ready money by sale or mortgage of royal property. Thus relieved for a moment, the court plunged into fresh extravagances. The king's brother, D'Artois (afterwards Charles X) contracted enormous debts. The palace of St. Cloud was bought for Louis, as that of Rambouillet had been lately. Immense sums were lavished on these buildings. After about three years Calonne had reached the end of his rope. In Richelieu's administration (1626), he found a precedent for calling an Assembly of Notables, i.e. representative nobles, clergymen, and commoners, chosen by the king. Such a packed parliament might be expected to act like an elected one, though less violently. The only hope of using it lay in concessions; and necessity for these was what the incorrigible court could never learn. A popular caricature made the king appear as a *bon vivant* who informed his domestic animals that they were assembled to consider with what sauce he should eat them. An ox speaks for the rest: "We don't want to be eaten." The reply is, "You wander from the point." Lafayette, who had been called among noble representatives, spoke freely against *lettres de cachet* and other abuses. The Comte d'Artois reproved him. "When a notable is asked for his opinion, he should give it," replied the undaunted companion of Washington. Calonne's proposals were no sooner unfolded than they caused a tremendous storm. They had involved taxing the Church. Archbishop de Brienne, of Toulouse, denounced this as sacrilegious. Calonne, abandoned by the queen and D'Artois, who had hitherto been his chief supporters, was banished to Lorraine; the notables were dismissed, and De Brienne became financial minister. "Public credit being dead," said the wags, "an archbishop was called to bury it."

While Calonne still held the financial department, occurred one of those small events, which, according to Aristotle, usually bring down the accumulated wrath of centuries. Among the profligate women who hung around Marie Antoinette was one Madame La Motte. She claimed descent from the former royal family, and therefore added Valois to her name. This adventuress formed an ingenious scheme to use the queen for her own enrichment. At the time of Louis the Fifteenth's death, a diamond necklace of immense value was being made for Madame du Barry. As she did not afterwards feel able to pay for it, the maker tried selling it to Marie Antoinette. According to Madame Campan, the queen declined to purchase. La Motte says Louis refused her the extravagance. Neither story is much in character; but I fear the latter is more probable than the former, considering what shortly happened. A cardinal, who bore the great Breton name of Rohan, was persuaded to think Marie Antoinette regarded him with some favor, and that his success was assured if he would help her to the coveted trinket. As he required to be told the former by her own mouth, a certain Mademoiselle Oliva, who resembled her sufficiently to serve the conspirators' purpose gave him a short interview by night. He then became security for the necklace; "a page" took it from his custody in the queen's name; and La Motte sold the diamonds separately. When the notes came due, the disappointed cardinal refused to pay. The frightened artist appealed to the queen, who at first treated the whole matter with contempt. Madame Campan and some court gentlemen, however, convinced her that an investigation was inevitable. Louis took it up with proper spirit. The Cardinal Rohan was arrested at the altar. While under restraint, he was allowed to destroy his La Motte correspondence; which, of course, greatly obscures the facts. However La Motte was fatally implicated. Her arrest promptly followed. Mlle. Oliva was extradited from Brussels. The nobility showed threatening zeal for their brother Rohan; the multitude for their sister Oliva; who seemed like to be made scapegoats. Both were acquitted. The La Motte woman was convicted of larceny as bailee, whipped, branded, and imprisoned. And now a turn took place in public sentiment. When the facts became known it was felt the verdict smelled of whitewash,—suspected that Rohan and Oliva knew enough to make their own conditions. Half France believed the queen as profligate as Du Barry; and from henceforth she was equally detested. The weak despot, who had issued hundreds of *lettres de cachet*, did not dare inflict arbitrarily any but nominal penalties on those who had played such scandalous tricks with his honor; and it is not destitute of significance that even La Motte was soon permitted to escape. Her "Memoirs," published in England, are, of course, but poor authority.

C. L. JAMES.

(Continued next week.)

312

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A Contrast.

A correspondent writting to the Springfield *Republican* gives this story as told in a letter recently received by him from an American officer in the Philippines.

A short time ago one of our officers who had had many a fight with a Filipino officer, and been constantly harassed by him, sent him, by a native, a letter containing this threat: "If you are ever captured, I will have you hanged to the nearest tree," and other abuse of a similar kind. In two or three days he received the Filipinos' reply, very courteously expressed: "If you should ever be so unfortunate as to fall in our hands, you would be treated like an officer and a gentlemen, and be cared for in every way."

The correspondent asks "which was the gentlemen?" and he evidently desires that both story and question may meet the eye of Governor Roosevelt, who in one of his utterances referred to the Filipinos as "savages."—Ex.

The Letter-Box.

H. S., Scranton, Pa.—Of course there would be little hope of realizing our ideal, if the revolution depended upon the great mass of the people; but "the great mass" is never a significant factor in changing society. The majority of the people come to the table after the meal has been prepared, consequently it is the intelligent few we need.

Mrs. W., Home, Wash.—Where is the sun? It only appeared once at our office since we are in Chicago.

Chicago.—If you will read the quotation from Buckle again you will see that you are mistaken. "No class of men have been *able* to *avoid* abusing," etc. Is it plain now?

Correspondent, New York.—You forgot to enclose the card mentioned, and we could not change the address of the Social Science Club.

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MEETINGS.

BOSTON—Boston Group meets every Friday evening at 1125 Washington St., cor. Dover. Hall on second floor.

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